

Love is Evil

by NothingxRemains

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Summary: Jack never asked Hiccup what made him accept Pitch's offer. Pitch Black never doubted that Jack's love for Hiccup would keep him on his side for eternity. [Major character death(s).]

## 1. Prologue

**\*\*Based on this video ( [you-tube-.-c-o-m-/-watch?v=NQ401EYCNZc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NQ401EYCNZc) minus the dashes ) by quicktrick ( [quick-trick-.-t-u-m-b-l-r-.-c-o-m](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NQ401EYCNZc) )\*\***

**\*\*If you found the movie(s) sad, and you hate Pitch, this will probably make you more sad, and hate Pitch even more. You've been warned.\*\***

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><p>Jack sighed, perched on the roof opposite of the one he was keeping an eye on. The winter spirit was invisible to everyone around him, wandering aimlessly across the earth trying to get people to notice him. He'd already encountered the others like him; Pitch, Sandy, North, Tooth, Bunnymund. It didn't ease the pain of being invisible. In fact, it made it worse because people could see them, and that irked Jack. So he wandered, and eventually he'd found someone he liked. A young, scrawny, freckled, brown haired, green eyed boy that nobody paid attention to. The people around him were practically giants, tall and muscly, and didn't give him the time of day because of his size and lack of accomplishments.<p>

Every day, Jack could see how much it bothered him, being shoved aside or mocked for his attempts at being noticed. His heart ached for the boy, so he kept an eye on him, always watching through the window and following him around the village. There was one place, though, that Jack somehow always managed to lose him. Most nights, when everyone was asleep, Hiccup(he caught his name from the other

kids making fun of him) would sneak out of the house and into the forest. Every time Jack made an attempt to follow, he would lose sight of the boy and end up having to fly back to the village and wait for him to come back, which he did just before sunrise.

One time he did it during the day, three days in a row. It was peculiar, but to no avail, Jack still couldn't follow him. The winter spirit grew frustrated, and when the lad snuck out of his house after the third day he found a huge fit of ice and snow rained all over his neighbor's house. After that, the brunette checked his surroundings before disappearing into the forest, as if expecting to find someone watching or following behind him.

A month later, Jack found out why. His efforts on finding out why had never ceased, and they finally paid off. Tonight was a night like any other, but Hiccup seemed more relaxed as he leisurely strolled into the forest. Oddly enough, Jack could actually keep up with him, trailing close behind him through the forest. It was weird; the winter spirit was used to being disappointed and alone among the trees. So when the brunette walked out of the safe cover of the trees and into a cove, Jack stayed behind. What he found was not he was expecting at all.

Hiccup's shadow stretched and drew on the ground, and from it emerged Pitch Black, looking expectant. He murmured something Jack couldn't hear, and Hiccup nodded with wide eyes, saying something back.

Despite his efforts, the winter spirit couldn't make out what they were saying, but he figured it had something to do with the ferocious dragon that Pitch dragged out of the shadow by black foggy chains. It struggled and snarled, a restraint around it's head and shackles around it's paws. It spit fire, missing both Pitch and Hiccup and hitting in the giant boulder Jack was perched behind. He ducked, hiding from view for a minute before he peaked back over to see what was going on.

They all had moved. Pitch was holding the dragon back by the chain, facing Hiccup with a mischievous expression. No way, he wasn't going to! The dragon screeched and reined back on it's hind paws, wings spreading wide and mouth opening, the back of his throat lighting up. Immediately Jack threw himself over the boulder, lunging with his staff poised. The attack was countered in a huge explosion of steam and flying chunks of ice. When it cleared, Jack was crouched in front of Hiccup with his staff pointed at Pitch, who looked pleased. "\_Jack, how nice of you to join us\_", he said, voice creeping along his skin and making the hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

"Are you crazy? Wait, don't answer that. What are you doing attacking a human child?" he accused.

The grin only widened. "\_What human child?\_"

"What is wrong with you, that one right there," Jack said, incredulous, as he turned around to point at Hiccup, who looked completely unafraid. His forest green eyes were wide and staring up at Jack innocently, anticipation written all over his face.

"\_Are you sure that he's human?\_"

The longer he stared, the more and more Hiccup's skin seemed like it was fading into a pale gray, hair darkening to a crisp raven black, leaving Jack rubbing at his eyes to make sure what he was seeing was real. His jaw dropped when his eyes glinted a shimmering gold in the moonlight. No way, that was impossible. But it was happening right in front of his eyes. He was frozen to the spot as Hiccup moved closer, slowly wrapping his arms around the winter spirit. Jack's heart clenched as the smaller body pressed against his, hands reflexively coming up to reciprocate the gesture. Hiccup looked up at Jack, eyes wide and hopeful.

"\_He wants you to join us, Jack. He knows that you've been watching over him.\_"

Hiccup slowly rose up on his tiptoes and pressed his lips to Jack's. For a few moments, Jack remained stiff and unmoving, but he only had so much restraint, could only use the blind confusion for so long. His arms closed around the smaller body and he pressed his lips back firmly, and closed his eyes against the feeling of Pitch's power invading his body. It ghosted along his skin, whispered dark promises into his head, an ungodly pleasure where his skin touched Hiccup's.

When Jack opened his eyes again, the world was painted differently. Everything was brighter, clearer, but there were new things that he had not been able to perceive before. Shadows writhed and danced like living things, wandering without a physical object to attach itself to. Hiccup let him go, gazing in awe at the world around him, soaking it in, not quite sure what to think of it. When he finally looked back, Hiccup was standing next Pitch, the dragon laying on the ground unmoving. The young fearling smiled at Jack, eyes twinkling from the light of the small fire hovering inches above his open palm.

"\_Now all you have to do is prove yourself.\_"

\* \* \*

><p>Jack watched from the air, floating next to Hiccup on a Monstrous Nightmare and watching the other dragons terrorize the village. The statement had been directed at Hiccup, and Jack was to simply watch and remember the experience for when his time came; Hiccup didn't look worried. He flew closer to the ground and Jack followed, eyes searching out a target. He must have found one, because a shadow was morphing in front of him in the shape of a crossbow, and the single arrow he let loose shot home in the back of a large man with a long red beard and fur cape, and he staggered to the ground and didn't get up again. Stoick the vast, leader of Berk, Hiccup's father. Satisfied, the weapon dispersed and he reared the dragon's head back, the beast letting out a terrifying shriek and started spitting fire everywhere, burning houses and towers and large stationary weapons, and finally, Meade Hall, the heart of the village. Hiccup raised his hands then and aided the dragon, fire laced with darkness spreading from his palms and enveloping the ancient structure.<p>

They returned to higher up in the air and watched long after the dragon's left, long after the grand hall had gone out and nothing but a mountain of charcoal and rubble remained. The loss of their leader and their place of gathering and comfort was all it took for the entire village to shake apart under the chaos; Pitch approved. They left Berk together, and never looked back.

## 2. Two Beautiful People

Hiccup never told Jack how he ended up under Pitch's wing all those centuries ago; the winter spirit never asked. Darkness itself had offered him redemption and granted him special powers, gifts that only he possessed. Pitch trusted that Hiccup would never leave, and Hiccup had faith that Jack loved him too much to leave. They were the perfect trio, spreading fear through cold winter nights, darkness, and destruction. The Dark Ages were their years of paradise, full grown men turning on each other in the face of fear, slaughtering themselves before they could get to families cowering inside run down building and villages. Pitch often left them to their own devices, scheming other larger plans while his lover fearlings caused mischief under the cover of shadow.

Hiccup and Jack knew better than to go looking for their mentor when he didn't come back. He would leave for days, sometimes weeks at a time. But when months turned into a year they knew something had happened, and they were safer not sticking their noses in it. They were immortal, he would come back eventually. The two cut back on the mischief, picking a town and a dwelling with a single person inside, scare them until they were practically brainwashed. They watched up close from the sidelines as people got brave enough to start protests, marching through the cities and the suburbs and fighting for their rights. No longer subdued by the fear that had been unleashed upon them in the guise of white men, the world around them had thrown itself into chaos.

"Do you love me?" Jack asked, half covered in darkness, the other bathed in the orange red light pouring through the window from the fire burning across the street. Hiccup was perched over Jack on his knees, straddling his waist and looking down at him. They were in their normal forms, Hiccup with his brown hair and forest green eyes and peach freckled skin, Jack with his ever pale skin and ice blue irises and snowy white hair.

"Of course I love you Jack, why would you ask me that?" Hiccup responded, leaning down to lay a gentle kiss on his forehead. It had been almost a millennia since Jack and Hiccup had joined Pitch Black, so he didn't understand why this came up now.

Jack didn't look assured. "It's just, that night. I watched over you because you were just as invisible as I was, you were important to me. You led me through the forest baited me, gave me to Pitch in exchange for power. I just-"

"Shh Jack, hey. I may not have loved you then, but I've loved you ever since. Pitch wanted you and you wanted me, and that brought us together. We've had so much fun together since my mortal life ended on Berk. So don't doubt how much I do, okay?"

The fearling nodded, hugging Hiccup's body to him. "And you still love me, right?" he asked.

"Yeah," Jack murmured into the fabric of his shirt. "Always have."

Hiccup was walking on the sidewalk in a neighborhood; this was the

third city in the past fifteen years that Pitch had been gone. It wasn't a neighborhood, and his body was frozen at the age of a young baby-faced boy, so Hiccup took full advantage of it, using it to lead to older men stalking him into an alley. Jack was perched above them on the rooftops, dropping down behind them when they got far enough in. He used his staff to freeze their feet to the ground, and they immediately panicked, looking between the two as Hiccup's skin seemed to melt off (a trick that he'd perfected over the years), revealing darker, deader skin underneath, wild gold lit eyes of a monster, fire lighting up in his hands, engulfing them all the way down to his mid forearm. Jack did the same, hair blackening and eyes turning gold, ice crawling over the ground and up the walls. The men fainted with their feet still rooted to the concrete, and the boys didn't hesitate in indulging, feeding on the essence of their body until they stopped breathing.

Hiccup walked over them and into Jack's arms, and they kissed as Jack raised them up into the air, taking them back to where they resided in the city. They came in through the window of their bedroom minutes later, most of their clothes off by the time they stumbled to the bed.

This was always how they did things: find a city, pick a house with one person and sustain for as long as possible off them without killing them, and then go into the city and find a full meal, then come back home for after-dinner sex with the taste still lingering in their mouths, on their skin. When they first started doing it they usually stayed in their normal forms, considering they had opposite powers and could easily wound each other. But as the years went by, pain made it more enjoyable, more fun, and they experimented in their fearling forms, both sporting scars from the first time they had tried and didn't know what they were doing. Hiccup had three ice shards embedded into the skin of his hip from where Jack had scratched him, the winter spirit with a black burn on his lower back in the shape of his lover's lips. The learned to walk the line between safety and destruction.

Hiccup left scorch marks in the shape of his hands over Jack's shoulder blades as the winter spirit thrust into him with no preparation and nothing to smooth the way, the Jack leaving frost bitten kisses in the hollow of his neck, trailing them up to his jaw. The freckled boy moaned, baring his throat and clinging to Jack with his arms and legs, completely off the bed as he thrust back. Finally cold lips found his, and he didn't hesitate in shoving his tongue past them, writhing when teeth trapped his tongue there, fingers gripping his hips bruisingly tight. Jack shoved into him hard enough that he broke the kiss, shouting as he slammed into Hiccup, a satisfying cold exploding inside of the body beneath him. Hiccup found orgasm as Jack slid home, cum trapped between their bellies. Jack put Hiccup down and used his tongue to clean up his stomach as they bathed in the afterglow, the smaller male rolling them over and reciprocating the process.

When they were done and back in their normal forms, Jack reached over the foot of the bed and handed Hiccup his black hoodie and pulled on his pants, and they settled down for the night, the brunette curled up against the winter spirit's chest. Hiccup was a creature of fire since Pitch had granted him the life essence of a night fury, so he couldn't stay too cold, and it couldn't be too warm or Jack would get sick, hence the hoodie was a necessary thing for the after-sex

cuddling.

The person they lived with now was a college student, and he hadn't really been afraid the first time Jack and Hiccup had popped in through his window. It was peculiar, but they didn't force it on him. He was a lanky kid with a light brown hair and hazelnut eyes and fair skin, with a younger sister named Sophie that came over sometimes for the weekend that had taken a liking to Jack. The two fearling's were Jamie's secret.

So it wasn't surprising that the window had been closed and the curtains drawn when they woke up in the morning. They sauntered out of the room sleepily to the sound of sizzling and the smell of meat. It had been centuries before they discovered they could still eat human food, though it did little good to sustain them; but they taste was always nice. The human heard the bedroom door click open, smiling at them as they came around the corner. "Morning guys," he greeted.

"Morning Jamie," Hiccup responded, Jack waving at him while he yawned. Jamie laughed, rolling the sausages in the pan over and checking the hashbrowns in the oven.

"You guys slept in late. Guess who's already-"

"Hiccup! Jack!" the excited little voice cut him off, and a blond human girl came barreling at them from the living room. The winter spirit caught her by the waist, lifting her in the air with an excited shriek, before shifting her to one arm and tickling her with the other. "Okay okay! You win!" she said, wiggling and rolling out of Jack's grasp.

"Morning Sophie," he said, and she rolled to her feet and hugged him.

"Breakfast is almost done," Jamie said, Hiccup nodding and going back into the room to find his pants, tossing Jack his shirt. He pulled it over his head and chased the twelve year old into the living room as Hiccup went to the bathroom for a shower.

>\_<p>

In the four years that followed, Jamie's parents had passed away in a car accident and Sophie came to live with him. Eventually, when the pain wasn't so raw, Jamie moved into a three bedroom house and the four of them settled down together. The number of nights Jack and Hiccup spent comforting a hysterical Sophie when Jamie was working softened their hearts. They went out and fed less, changed less into their fearling forms, spent less time having violent sex and more time cuddling and playing with Sophie.

But peace never lasted forever.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So the first chapter was HTTYD world, the second chapter was the transition between HTTYD and RotG. <strong>

\*\*The plot for RotG picks up next chapter.\*\*

\*\*Hope you enjoyed it, sorry for the cliff hanger. Please R&R!

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End  
file.